

2nd Place, Poetry

A Girl called Sophia

by Austen Juul-Hansen

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The leathery skin
shuts with force
onto the watery flesh,
blocking the floodgates
from opening.

The blink of an eye,
the moving of a muscle,
they reassure us,
of intelligence.

Staring into her face,
imagination flies,
perspective is waved away,
all that matters,
is her.

Most wouldn't know,
but she's brilliant,
she listens
speaks,
not even with words.

Beautiful too.
Soft, silky skin
with cream poured into it.
Like the foamy milk,
of a cappuccino machine.

She teaches as well,
within the realm
of her nursery.
You learn her mind,
recognize vital facial expressions.

A girl,
that speaks for herself,
and doesn't need
to be
explained.

I think this project has opened me up to my cousin Sophia, who has been brain damaged since birth, every time I see her, it's wild to think that she is my age, 12, yet so different from me. Though she might have a different language or understand everyone in a different way, I know that she has her own kind of beauty.